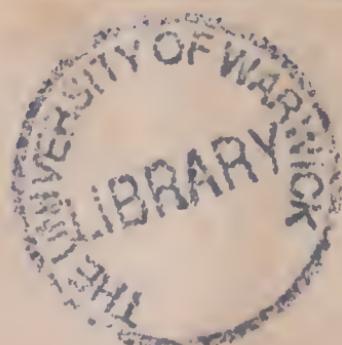






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## Othello Travestie.

*DESDEMONA* Dearest Othello, lest while I pray  
Turn not dear fellow Cassio away

# OTHELLO TRAVESTIE;

A

BURLESQUE BURLETTA.

IN

One Act.

By M. G. DOWLING, Esq.,

*Author of "Romeo and Juliet Travestie," &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON.

## ORAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Liverpool.	Strand Theatre.
Duke of Venice.....	Mr. Stevens	Mr. Wyman
Brabantio, a hasty old Codger, and Senator of Venice .....	Mr. Strickland	Mr. Simpson
Othello, Moor of Venice, formerly an independent Nigger, from the Republic of Hayti .....	Mr. W.J. Hammond	Mr. W.J. Hammond
Iago, Othello's Officer, once a na- tive of the Gaultee Mountains, County of Tipperary, Province of Munster, and Kingdom of Ireland .....	Mr. Raymond	Mr. H. Hall
Roderigo, a very silly youth, and very partial to Mrs. Othello ..	Mr. Redford	Mr. Attwood
Cassio, a man of no note, but still an injured man, rather in liquor, or the liquor rather in him....	Mr. Shaw	Mr. Benson Hill
Ludovicio, a very respectable Gen- tleman .....	Mr. Turnbull	Mr. Chicheley
Montano, caught in a row with Cassio, but not disposed to fight	Mr. Watson	Mr. Stoker
Desdemona, a very good-natured lady, Wife of Othello, and not a bit too well treated by him ..	Mrs. Raymond	Miss Daly
Emilia, in attendance on the latter	Miss Lee	Miss Garrick
Ghost of Desdemona, with a few expiring notes .....		

First produced at the Liver Theatre, Liverpool, March 1834

### COSTUME.

<i>Othello</i> —White military coat, red facings, aigulettes, white breeches, high boots, powdered wig, sword, cocked hat and feather. Second dress. Old fashioned morning gown, black stockings and slippers.
<i>Iago</i> —Square cut scarlet military coat, white breeches, high boots, sword, very small cocked hat and feather.
<i>Roderigo</i> —Cut velvet dove coloured court suit with frogs, modern hat with one short feather, Life Guardsman's sword and soldier's white belt, speckled stockings, black shoes and gold buttons.
<i>Duke</i> —Crimson silk old fashioned court suit, powdered wig, red cap.
<i>Ludovico</i> —Brown court suit, powdered wig, black stockings, shoes and buckles.
<i>Montano</i> —Dark court suit, blue stockings and black shoes, powdered wig and round hat.
<i>Brabantio</i> —Black silk small clothes, light waistcoat, morning gown, wig, red cap, red stockings, shoes, buckles, pair of spectacles.
<i>Cassio</i> —Scarlet regimental coat, white pantaloons, high boots, cocked hat and feather.
<i>Policemen</i> —Red coats (Reign of Geo. II.), blue trowsers, round hats.
<i>Desdemona</i> —White satin petticoat with deep lace flounce, old fashioned blue brocaded gown trimmed with lace, white satin stomacher with white bows and lace, powdered wig, blue silk old fashioned hat, small plume of white feathers, blue high heeled shoes, long kid gloves. Second dress. Long night gown and night cap.
<i>Emilia</i> —Blue quilted satin petticoat, blue and white striped open gown looped up with red satin bows, powdered wig, plume of green feathers in a cap with lappets, high heeled shoes, red silk and paste buckles.

## O T H E L L O.

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SCENE I.—*Venice. Front Street. House, L. R.*

*Enter IAGO and RODERIGO, R. H.*

Rod. Pshaw ! that's all gammon, and what makes it worse,  
You know you always could command my purse,  
As if the strings were thine—[Aside.]—when it was empty—  
Yet would not that to honest friendship tempt ye ?

Iago. Answer me this,—pray did I ever spare him ?

Rod. Did'nt you tell me that you couldn't bear him ?

Iago. No more I can, and I've good cause to hate ;  
I'll tell you how he serv'd me, sir, of late.  
Three great men of this city—aye, and wise men—  
To make me one of Venice's excisemen  
Tried all their interest, and walk'd some miles,  
From one to the t'other even doff'd their tiles,  
To Master Blacky—who, as 'twere from his heart meant,  
Answer'd—“ Me no got interest in the excise department,  
Him not much place in piping time of peace,  
‘ Me make him corp’ral in de New Police.’  
He saw my friends were hurt, and so says he,  
‘ If he’ll serve in de army under me,  
‘ I’ll make him ensign.’—So the post I’ve got at,  
But ‘twixt ourselves, I don’t like being shot at.

Rod. Then why d'ye follow him ?

Iago. You just be quiet,

I'll some day kick up such a precious riot.  
I'll seem to be his most particular friend,  
And thus more easily will gain my end.  
I've plenty of stout friends about the town  
Will kick him—if we can but get him down.  
The girl—

Rod. A lucky wight this thick-lipp'd chap is.

Iago. Let's call her father, who in his first nap his

Rod. (Crosses L. H.) I'll call him up. {Takes the knocker.}

Iago. Don't knock too loud,  
Or else about the house you'll get a crowd.

AIR. [Barcarole from "Masaniello."]  
The morn—the morn will soon be peeping  
Wher journeymen go to their shops—  
At present all the world seems sleeping,  
Ere long the maids will whirl their mops;  
Then if you would the Signor wake,  
Knock gently at first—  
Now mind that my advice you take,  
Or else I'll be curst—  
If you won't spoil—won't spoil the whole affair—  
you won't spoil—won't spoil the whole affair.  
Now knock—not so loud.  
Again—not so loud.

Rod. hat ho, Brabantio—Signor, ho!  
IAGO. Hush! Don't hollaw so.  
Rod. Thieves! thieves! Brabantio—Signor, ho!  
IAGO. hush! hush! whisper low.  
I hear him coming slowly down the stair  
The old Signor—we'll soon—we'll soon ensnare.  
Bors. I hear him, &c. &c.

BRABANTIO appears at Window above, L. H.

Bra. Hollo, there! who is making such a clatter?  
Who are you? what the devil is the matter?

Rod. Why you've been robb'd!—Oh, that I could have  
caught her!  
A black man's just now bolted with your daughter.  
Bra. The trick won't do—I know it's all my eye,  
I don't believe a word on't—It's a lie.  
You think to have her for yourself—but won't,  
You want my daughter—

Rod. 'Pon my life, I don't.  
Bra. Should there be truth in't!—Gad, I'm in a fright—  
'll get the tinder-box, and strike a light. [Exit]

AIR. ["Bow, wow, wow."]  
Farewell, my dear friend Roddy, for I think I'd better toddle,  
For fear old Brab, when he comes back, should take it in his noddle  
To march me to the Duke with him, to give my testimony  
Against Capt. Othello—and his daughter Desdemona.

Bow, wow, wow.  
And as I know that Venice State cannot do well without him,  
The least said's soonest mended—so I'll not say much about him  
And thought I hate the black blackguard, as I do hate the devil,  
I'd cut his throat with pleasure,—but I would'n't be uncivil.

Bow, wow, wow.  
[Exit]

Enter BRABANTIO, from House, and two Servants with Torches.

*Bra.* 'Tis even true—the rascal's back I'll fleece,  
Give notice, do, good sir, to the Police.

Rod. Notice alone will but the case retard,  
Unless you offer, too, a good reward.

Bra. D'ye think they're married? where have they been seen?

Rod. Last, on their road, I'm told, to Gretna Green

*Bra Riscals, bestir ye—see you overtake her,  
Before the filthy black his wife can make her.*

AIR ["Follow, follow."]

**Follow—follow—that's good creatures,**

Look in ev'ry coach you see,

For my daughter's beauteous features--

She's the image, mind, of me.

*Follow, follow, &c.*

Make her do whate'er you bid her,

Spite of all his spells and charms,

Whether maiden, wife, or widow,

Bring, oh, bring her to these arms.

Follow, &c

[Ex Lib. H]

**SCENE II.—Another Street in Venice.**

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, R. H.*

Iago. 'Tis true, Othello, you do not want for pluck, he  
'S in such a rage—you'd better cut your lucky.

Oth. What? Cut him lucky—what you mean to say?  
Otello soger—him no run away.

*Enter CASSIO, L. H. [Cassio beckons off.]*

AIR, ["Will you come to the bower?"]

482 You must go to the Senate now waiting for you,  
To feast upon lamp steaks and real mountain dew  
They told me to tell you the enemy was near—  
Says I, that's good news for Othello, never fear.  
Won't you to the Senate go?

Good Massa Lientenant, if you time to go back,  
Will you say to de Senate him be wid dem in a crack.  
And tell dem dat Otello him wery much rader  
Meet de Enemy dat threaten dem, dan Desdemona had

Quickly tell dem him will come

[*Eug Cassio, Iago, and Desdamba.*] — H.

8 OTHELLO.

Enter BRABANTIO and two Policemen, 2 E. L. H.

Bra. There, that's the fellow, seize him, I command. [They seize Othello.]

Oth. Massa Policeman, please let go him hand—  
Him want him purse—

I Police. Oh, certainly for that—  
Don't hold the gentleman so hard, you Pat.

Oth. Him summoned to de council of de nation.

Bra. Pshaw ! nonsense—Come off with him to the station,  
[Othello gives his purse to Policeman.]

Be ruin'd my daughter—rascal ! he shall rue it.

I Police. We can't take him, 'cause we didn't see him do it.

Enter CASSIO, L. H.

Cas. Faith you're a nice man, arn't you ? By the powers  
You've kept the senate waiting just two hours !

Oth. Him not Otello fault—him not would tarried,  
But for him fader in law.

Bra. Zounds, then, they're married.  
Let's to the senate, there I'll tell my grief,  
And for my sorrows supplicate relief.

DUET. ["Roy's wife."]

Oth. Tho' him fader now in sorrow,  
P'raps him no more scold to-morrow ;  
S'pose him lubbly daughter tell how  
Berry much she lub Otello :  
S'pose him dark—him wife so light.  
De snow itself from her might borrow !  
De piccanninies be most white  
So what de use to make more sorrow.

Bra. Surely I shall burst with sorrow  
And be dead before to-morrow ;  
To think my daughter'd wed Othello ;  
A nasty, fusty, black old fellow !  
She who beams with beauty bright,  
Wed with him ? Wed joy and sorrow !  
Brightest day with darkeat night—  
Ah ! I shall die before to-morrow.

[Exeunt L. H.

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SCENE III.—Council Chamber. Duke and Senators, *uncovered sitting*. Montano, L. H. Lodovico, R. H.

Enter OTHELLO, BRABANTIO, Policemen, &c., L. H.

Duke. (Smoking a Pipe—pot of Porter before him.) Valiant

Othello, we're very glad you're come ;  
There'll be a precious row—there will by goin !

Would you believe it, sirs, the galley slaves  
 Are playing mags diversion on the waves—  
 Here's one good gentlemen—defend us heaven !  
 Says there's a hundred and twenty seven.  
 And this my letter, says—the slaves that's naughty  
 Amounts to full one hundred and foity.  
 That other gentleman has got a letter,  
 Which says two hundred, and something better.  
 What's to be done, Othello ? Try and whack 'em,  
 Take all the troops—soldiers, you shall not lack 'em.  
 Haste then away ! Commence your work of slaughter—

*Bra.* Stop ! good, sir Duke—he's stole away my daughter,  
 He is a wizard, sir, a very elf!  
 I do believe he is the devil himself.  
 He has dissolv'd my daughter into air,  
 Or has her spell-bound—Heaven alone knows where.  
 A rogue and vagabond ! I could his head mill—  
 Commit him, I beseech you, to the tread mill.

*Duke.* There must be some mistake—come, speak Othello.  
 What say you to the charge, my noble fellow ?

*Oth.* Massa—him nebber do de ting dat wrong ;  
 Him tell him all about it, in him song.

AIR. [“ Yankee doodle.”]

Potent, grave, and rev'rend sir  
 Very noble Massa—  
 When de maid a man prefer  
 Den him no can pass her  
 Yes, it is most werry true  
 Him take dis old man's daughter  
 But no by spell, him promise you,  
 But by fair means him caught her  
 'Tis true she lub him werry much  
 'Tis true dat off him carry her,  
 And dat him lub for her is such,  
 'Tis werry true him marry her.  
 All dis be true,—and till him dead,  
 Him lub her widout ending—  
 And dis, my Massa, is de head  
 And tail of him offending.  
 Dis old man once him lub me too,  
 Do' now in rage before ye,  
 And often say “ Come, Otello,  
 “ And tell us pretty story.  
 “ About de time when you young ; ch. 4  
 “(You naughty lilly child ye.)

• And when you 'bout de wood run wild,  
~ And when you sold for slavery."

Den ebry day him tell all dis,  
And sometimes lilly lie, too,  
And him look de eye of Miss,  
And den him hear de sigh, too.  
Den Missee ask him all alone,  
And den him ask her wedder,  
Him make de both two hearts in one,  
Den off dem run togelder.

*Bra.* 'Tis all a lie ! told to defraud the banch :  
Please you to order some one fetch the wench.

[Exit Iago and Roderigo, &c.]

And if she shall confess she first began  
To throw sheep's eyes, and ogle at the man,  
If, as he says, she took these means to woo him,  
Why, blow me tight, if I don't give her to him.

*Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and RODERIGO, L. H.*  
Oh ! here she comes. My child ! my darling child !  
Your poor old father has been almost wild.  
But tell me,—since you lost your poor dear mother,  
Don't you love me, dear, more than any other ?

*Des.* Why, dear papa, if I must answer candid,  
You've loved your child as much as ever man did,  
And, as in duty bound, I loved, or rather,  
Worshipp'd my parent—but then you're my father,  
I've followed the example of my mother,  
Who loved her father, but left him for another.

*Bra.* Hussey—your mother never left her home.

*Des.* Pshaw ! pshaw !

Did not she give up all the world for you ?  
I've only done as folks have done before ;  
I've cut you all—for this, my black-a-moor.  
He is my husband.

*Oth.* Yes, one and one make one.

### AIR. ["Bonnie Laddie."]

<i>Des.</i>	I'll tell you why I lov'd the Black,	'Cause ev'ry night I had a knack,	Of list'ning to his tales bewitching ;	My hair while curling, in the kitchen.	'Too ral, &c
	Once while darning father's stocking,	Oh ! he told a tale so shocking ;	So romantic—yet so tender	That I fell fainting 'crosa the fender.	Too ral

When I came about, ah, me!                      Too ral, &c.  
 I was sitting on his knee—  
 Grateful for the scrape I'd missed—  
 I thank'd him—and he welcome kiss'd

## MORAL.

Listen, ladies, if you please—                      Too ral, &c.  
 Never sit on young men's knees,  
 For though I got a husband by it,  
 The plan's not good, so pray don't try it, Too ral, &c.

*Bra.* Well, Heaven be with you both, for now I've done.  
 A word, Othello,—watch her—mind you do—  
 She cheated me, you know, and may cheat you.

*Duke.* Now then, Othello, that affair's put right,  
 And you must toddle off this very night.

*Oth.* To-night? Good massa Duke! me just now married.  
*Duke.* I don't care—you must go; too long you've tarried.  
 I shall be robbed and murdered by these chaps,  
 If you don't go and wback 'em for me, p'rhaps.

*Oth.* Where shall him leave him wife?

*Des.* (*Crying.*) Oh! you said leave me?  
 Do you begin already to deceive me?

*Duke* Go to your father, dear.

*Des.* I shan't.

*Duke.* Oh, fie!

*Oth.* I wouldn't have it so.

*Bra.* Nor I.

*Des.* Nor I.

I won't go anywhere but with Othello.

That's what I won't.

*Bra.*    Well, don't begin to bel ew.

*Des* I will—I'll cry for ever, all my life—

What was the use of being made a wife?

will go with him.

*Oth.* Massi duke, oh! pray—

*Duke.* That's a brave lass! and so you shall, I say.

[Exit Duke, Brabantio, &c. L. H.

*Oth.* (*To Iago.*) Ensign, him merry sure you much good fellow,

Mind you take care my wife, Mrs. Otello.

If she get cold, mind give her gruel, or sago,

And him be grateful ebber to Iago.

[Exit Othello and Desdemona, L.

*Rod.* Iago!

*Iago.* What's the matter with the man?

*Rod.* I'll drown myself—

*Iago.* Thou silly gentleman

*Rod.* Silly indeed! Answer me this one query—  
Why should I live, when done out of my deary?

*Iago.* Pshaw! I don't talk nonsense, man—she loves you still,  
Or if she does not, I'll engage she will.

Put money in thy purse, and cut a dash—

There's nothing to be done now without cash.

If you would win her, sport the ready rhino—

Put money in thy purse, and she's your's, I know.

Drown thyself, eh! why what a chap to funk,

Hark ye! go drown thy care—get jolly drunk.

*Rod.* It must be so—I'm really tir'd of thinking  
And, I'm determined on't, I'll take to drinking.

*Iago.* Meet me to night—a thought has cross'd my nob  
I'll serve this black chap out, or my name's Bob.

AIR. [“Meet me by Moonlight.”]

Meet me to-night on the sly,

And then I will tell you my mind.

For I'm told that my wife, Mrs. I.,

T<sup>n</sup> Othello's been rather too kind.

You'll be sure to come—for I swear,

I will tickle the Moor's dirty back,

Though I may lose my place, I don't care,

If I am but reveng'd on the black.

So meet me to-night on the sly,

Meet me to-night on the sly.

[*Exeunt* waltzing, L. H.]

#### SCENE IV.—*Cyprus.*

*Enter CASSIO, R. H.*

*Cas.* 'Faith, then, I wish Othello, safe and sound,  
Was treading once again upon the ground;  
For while on *terra firma* all seems level,  
The sea beyon't is roll'ing like the devil! [*Gun fired.*] Sure that's a signal—then he's come at last!

*Enter MONTANO, L. H.*

*Mon.* A ship—a ship, has just its anchor cast,  
And one lago's come.

*Cas.*

*Iago,* said ye?

Then he has brought with him the captain's lady.

*Mon.* What! is Otnello married? how is this?

*Cas.* And to as fine a girl as one could kiss.

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OTHELLO.

Mistress Iago's come, too—for 'tis said,  
She's to the bride a sort of lady's maid.  
Gad ! here they are.

[Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA and IAGO, L. H.]

Oh ! then I'm glad to see you,  
Madam, I hope you're well Iago, how be you ?  
Emilia, you here, too ? you pretty puss ! [Crosses to Emi.]  
Come, never mind your husband—give's a buss.  
Iago, don't mind me, it is my way.  
Iago. Oh ! kiss her, sir, again—don't heed me, pray.  
Stead of her lips, would that she'd give her tongue away,  
She often blows me up.

Emi. You tell a lie—

I never blow you up—you fool, not I.

Des. I never hear her scold—nor think she can—  
So don't you be so cross, you naughty man.  
What would you say of woman, if you could  
Find one amongst us that was very good ?

Iago. What would I say of her ?

AIR. "Katty Mooney."

Och ! she that's fair and never proud  
A girl so nice and cozy,  
A decent tongue, but never loud,  
And lips so red and rosy.  
With lots of gold, but none too gay,  
Just neat, and not too splashy,  
With locks just like the flowers in May,  
And bonnet not too flashy.

Och Hubbaboo ! Och fillaloo !

Don't be after snarling,  
Och hone ! I'd grunt and groan,  
To find such a little darling.

The girl, that being in a rage,  
Would shake her rival's daddle,  
One who in scandal won't engage,  
Or whisper fiddle faddle.

One who could think without a word—  
Where do you think I'll find her ?

One who a young man's footsteps heard,  
And would not look behind her. Och, hubbaboo, &c.

Wouldn't she be the lass to make one frisky,  
To suckle pats, and chronicle good whisky.

Des. We'll, sir, I'm sure you're wit's so very taper,  
You sha'n't write puffs for me in the newspaper.

*Cas.* Oh, don't be minding him, that's all about him,  
He loves the petticoats—the devil doubt him. [Takes Des.  
by the Hand, and slaps her on the Shoulder—Des. and  
*Cas.* retire up.]

*Iago.* He takes her by the hand, and slaps her shoulder!  
I'll have you, Master Cass, 'ere you're much older.

[Oth. sneezes without, L. H.]

The moor—I know his sneeze!

*Des.* Come, then, we'll go and meet him, if you please.

[As they are going, OTHELLO and Train enters L. H.]  
*Oth.* (Embracing Des) Oh, Mis O! Oh, Mrs. O! Oh! Oh!  
*Des.* I am glad to see you, Mr. Othello.

*Oth.* Him werry wonder, him got great content,  
How you come to dis place before him went.

AIR. "The girl I left behind me."

Oh much him wonder—much content,  
Dat you come here before him,  
Because you tell him, 'fore him went,  
You werry much adore him.  
When after tempest comes such calm,  
De winds may blow and find him,  
Him no care dam, when in him arms,  
De girl him left behind him.

[Dance off to the Tune, R. H. All but Iago, R. H.]

*Iago.* You're well tuned now; I shall make more than you  
sick,

I'll take you down a peg, and stop your music.

[Enter RODERIGO, L. H.]

Come here, Rod'igo. I have just now seen 'em,  
Egad! there's pretty goings on between 'em.

*Rod.* Between 'em! between who?

*Iago.* Hush! man, be sure,  
Just put your singers thus—[To his Nose.]—and all's secure.  
I tell you, Cassio's now her fancy man,  
The black was all a whim. D'y'e think she can  
Care that—[Snaps his Fingers.]—for him, while such as you  
or I,

Would cast sheep's eyes at her, or heave a sigh?  
Wouldn't she take your squeezing mighty civil,  
Rather than cuddles from the very devil?

*Rod.* I can't believe it—bless her, she's so good!

*Iago.* Bless Fiddlesticks! are not doors made of wood?  
Isn't she flesh and blood? her mother's daughter?  
Ain't heavy made from malt and hops?

*Rod.*

And water.

*Iago.* A blessed black pudding, then. Attend to me.  
 Cassio keeps watch this very night, d'ye see.

Go you and tease him—blow him up, or damn him;  
 If that won't do, with good strong ale, then, cram him.

*Rod.* I'll do it, dear Iago—dearest friend.

*Iago.* Meet me this evening, then, at yon street's end.

*Rod.* I will. Adieu!

*Iago.*

Adieu!

[Exeunt Rod.]

AIR. "I've been roaming."

I'll well watch them—I'll well watch them,

Cassio loves her, I've no doubt,

If I catch them—if I catch them,

I'll soon let the secret out.

Though I hate the black Othello,

He's a damn'd good-natur'd cheat,

For I fear the lusty fellow

Hath, ere now, leapt in my seat.

I'll attack them—I'll attack them,

Nor content me, while I've life,

Till in character I black them,

And be even—wife for wife.

Mr. Cassio, too, I'll slap on,

And have Michael on the hip.

Even he's put my night-cap on,

And from my vengeance shall not slip

Then I'll make the Black man jealous—

Work his feelings to that pass,

While he calls me best of fellows,

He's egregiously an ass.

I'll well watch them, &c.

[Exit R. H.]

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### SCENE V.—Guard House.

Enter OTHELLO, CASSIO, &c. c. d.

Oth. Massa Michael, you keep watch to night.  
 Him go to bed; poor wifey sleepy. Eh? you rogue! all right.  
 You come to breakfast, Cassio.—[Whispers.]—don't you come  
 too soon,

Him not get up a-morrow afore noon. [Laughing.]

Eh? Massa Michael!

[Exit c. d.]

Enter IAGO, R. H.

Cas. Honest Iago! I must to my post.

Iago. Not yet, good Michael, 'tis out ten at most.

Othello's early, but he's not to blame,  
For Desdemona's a delicious dame.

*Cas.* She's a charming girl !

*Iago.* Oh, Cassio, fie !  
And yet you're right—a dev'lish pretty eye.

*Cas.* Sure she's right modest, though.

*Iago.* I think no less.  
Let's drink a pint of ale, and wish them happiness.

*Cas.* No, not to-night ; I've had a glass already,  
And even that has made me feel quite heady.

*Iago.* Pooh ! nonsense, man ! I've friends will join the sport,  
Let's in, and take a drop of some'at short.

*Cas.* Well, just one glass to wish the couple joy.

*Iago.* Well said, good Michael ; come along, my boy.

[ *Exeunt, R. H.* ]

### SCENE VI.—*Room in a Public House.*

*IAGO, CASSIO and others, discorered seated, smoking ana  
drinking.*

*Cas.* (Drunk.) Here's health to Desdemona and Othello !  
What if he's black—he's a devilish good—[hic.]—fellow.  
Come, Iago, I must not stop here long,  
Suppose you tip us—[hic.]—a little song.

*Iago.* With all my heart. [ *With his Can* ]

An empty can always goes clink, clink, clink,  
An empty can always goes clink.

Then waiter, my man,

Come, fill us this can,

And let it be good stiff drink.

*Cas.* A capital song ! [ *Sings.* ]

A very good song, and very well sang,  
Jolly companions every one.

I say, Iago, where d'ye learn that chaunt ?

*Iago.* I learnt it, sir, in Ireland—of my aunt.  
Ah ! they're the chaps for drinking—they beat all—  
Your French and Dutch can't drink with them at all  
The stuff they drink's so good, it makes one frisky.

*Cas.* I say, Iago, what is that ?

*Iago* That's whisky—  
Some good potteen. Ah ! soft as any silk,  
And what we call in Ireland “Mother's milk.”  
Oh ! that we had a small taste just this minute,  
“T'would make us steady—there's great virtue in it.

Oh! there's nothing like whiskey  
To make a Mar friskey.

It cheers up his soul, and gladdens his heart,  
If I had but a bottle  
Stuck close to my throttle.

Sure our mouths, while they'd moisture, would never more part

*Cas.* Egad! that's good, give me another swig;  
Oh! if I'd girls here wouldn't I have a jig.

*Cas.* Well—hic! help us, we must drink, you see,  
The captain, he must drink as well as we;  
There are some people, to be sure, can't drink,  
And there are some that can—I'm one, I think.

*Iago.* And I drink too.

*Cas.* (*Snatches the Can from Iago.*) Not before me, if you  
please, . . .  
'Cause I'm senior officer, and seize  
In my own right.

*Enter RODERIGO, 2 E. R. H.*

*Rod.* He's getting drunk!

*Cas.* What's that you say? Don't say I'm drunk again,  
Or else I'll krock about your box of brain!  
Drunk! what d'ye mean by drunk? you lump of lead,  
Ar'n't this your fist—and isn't that my head?

[*Takes off his Coat.*]

*Rod.* What, Mr. Cassio—how you make me funk,  
Whv what a shame to be so beastly drunk.

*Cas.* Oh! is it drunk I am? Just wait awhile,  
And may be I won't polish you off in style.

*Iago.* (*To Rod*) Stick to him, only for a round or so,  
And I'll just send and let Othello know [Exit, c.]

[*Cas. and Rod. fight—Rod.'s Nose bleeds. Enter OTHELLO, c. in Night Cap and Gown, a Candle in one Hand, and a Stick in the other. Enter IAGO and knocks Rod. down from behind. Othello strikes Cas. with his Hand, and Rod., who is on the Ground, with the Stick.*]

*Oth.* Take dat for you—and dat for you—how now.  
What for you kick up such a precious row?  
You nebber tink of him, and him new wife—  
You frighten Missee O—— out of her life.

AIR. "Love and Whiskey."

Tell him what de row;  
 Tell him who to blame, Sir  
 All so good 'til now,  
 Now you make him shain<sup>s</sup>, Sir  
 What you all turn turk,  
 Just now so great crony,  
 Den you go to work,  
 And frighten Desdemona. Hey for Desdemona,  
 Come Iago, tell  
 Which of dem young strapper—[Bell rings.]  
 Dam dat noisy bell,  
 'Top hin 'fernal clapper.  
 Who give first de blow?  
 Him, when once dat known a  
 Back to bed him go,  
 And chear poor Desdemona. Hey for Desdemona,

*Mon.* Oh! what a blow in the ribs—that was a poser.

*Rod.* Lud! what's a blow i' th' ribs? look at my nose, sir

*Oth.* Come, speak, Iago, none of dis here nonsense,  
 Tell him de truth, him pepper well your sconce else.

AIR. "Believe me if all those endearing young charm."

*Iago.* Believe me I'd rather my tongue were cut out,  
 Than speak aught to offend that same youth,  
 But if you insist to know what its about,  
 Why I feel myself bound to tell truth.  
 [To Cas.] Thou wilt still be the same as this moment thou art,  
 Let thy punishment be what it will,  
 Even tho' at the halberts your bare back should smart,  
 You'll be Cassio, my friend Cassio, still.

Thus it is—we were taking a small cup of ale,  
 Good Montano, myself, and a friend,  
 And we fancied it tasted a little too stale,  
 Yet we thought we'd drink on to the end  
 When Cassio, good Cassio, who drank rather deep,  
 Said the ale was, if aught rather new,  
 Then he dropp'd with his head on the table to sleep,  
 When I left him, my duty to do.

On returning, I saw that young gentleman there,  
 Give friend Cassio a blow in the eye  
 And did all in my pow'r to stop the affair,  
 But their fury, my aid did defy.  
 Then to it they went—but I pray you forgive  
 My dear friend—you know men are but men,  
 This once pray excuse him—my word I wil give—  
 That he never will do so again.

Oth. Cassio, to you him always werry partial,  
So him discharge you without hab court martial.

Iago. Oh, good Othello, put on him a fine.

Oth. Him nebber more be officer of mine.

[*Exeunt Othello, and the rest.*

Iago. Come, come, friend Cassio. [Slaps him on Shoulder.

Oh, big botheration !

Cas. My reputation's lost—my reputation !  
I'm bother'd, sir—I'm bother'd quite with thinking,  
I've lost my reputation, sir, for drinking.

I, who to good brown stout ne'er yet turn'd tail,  
Drunk and bedevil'd with a mug of ale !

Was ever man in such a situation ?

My reputation, sir—my reputation ! [Crosses R. H.]

Iago. Come, come, we may your reputation solder,  
Your stomach was a little out of order.

Cas. Oh ! that the devil thus should dwell in beer  
To steal one's brains out through the mouth or ear !  
What shall I do to ease my mind of pain ?

Iago. Suppose you ask him for your place again ?  
I have it. Go and make some pretty speeches  
To Mrs. O——, yon know she wears the breeches ;  
Go ply her well, and if you find she freezes,  
Don't be afraid, give her a few sly squeezes  
Until her bosom thaws. Then will she plead  
And if she does, the place is your's indeed,

Cas. I'll do it—'tis an angel of a plan,  
And worthy only of an Irishman ! [Crosses L. H.]  
It is the way, by jingo, you are right,  
I thank you much, good friend, and so good night.

[*Shake Hands—Exit Cas. L. H.*

*Enter RODERIGO, R. H.*

Iago. How are you ?

Rod. How d'ye do ? how get you on ?

Iago. A little longer, and the thing is done.

Listen ! [Takes his Arm mysteriously, and sings.]

AIR. "Le petit tambour."

List, list, my plan is working,

I'm not the lad for shirking,

Tis better far than barking,

List, list, and you shall hear.

I've counseil'd him to court her,

And troth, he's the right sort, sir

Oh, we shall have rare sport sir,

Between 'em never fear.

ROD.

And while he kneels before her  
 For mercy to implore her,  
 You slyly get the Moor, sir,  
 To see the prostrate youth  
 Then rouse his jealous feeling  
 By gentle hints appealing  
 Until his senses stealing  
 His fears are seal'd for truth.

[Both repeat the Tune to "Tol de rol, &c." and Waltz off.]

END OF ACT I.

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## A C T II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA, R. H.*

Des. I'll ask him when I catch him in good humour—  
 There's no one living, sir, for whom I'd do more.

Emi. That's a good soul! [To Cassio.] She'll do the busi-  
 ness for ye—

I'm sure my poor dear husband's very sorry.

Des. You're a good chap. The Moor'll be home to sup—  
 I'll tease him 'till he says he'll make it up.

Cus. But then my place—if we're not friends to day,  
 The chances are, he'll give my place away.

Des. Don't fret yourself—here, before 'Milia's face,  
 I promise you that you shall have your place.  
 I'll tease him, that he ne'er shall hear the last, sir,  
 So, don't you stew—

Emi. Madam, here comes my master!

Cas. Oh, then I'm off—[Crosses to R.]

Des. Don't be a fool—pray stop.

Cas. I can't—I tremble so that I shall drop.

Des. Do as you like. [Exit Cassio, R. H.]

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, L. H.*

Iago. He here! I like not that!

Oth. What dat you say?

Iago. Nothing—I spoke to the cat.

Oth. Iago, him tink dat Massa Cassio lub him wise.

Iago. Cassio! It cannot be!

Oth. Yes, 'pon him life.

I say, Ma'am Desdy, who dat man you speak?  
What for when I come in away him sneak?

*Des.* The fact is, deary—[Pats him under the chin.]—Bless  
your pretty face!

If you love me, you'll give him back his place.

Shall I t'us after him and say you will?

*Oth.* No, not to night—him feel him rader ill.

*Des.* Well, then, to morrow morning, or at noon—  
Or else to-morrow night, or some time soon.

Say Wednesday morning, then—or noon, or night—  
Do take compassion on the luckless wight.

Well Thursday, Friday, Saturday, or Sunday—  
At most you'll not defer it after Monday.

Why, how is this? I'm really at a loss—

*Oth.* Don't speak him now—him very much dam cross.

### DUET. "Love's Ritornella."

Dearest Othello—list while I pray  
Turn not dear fellow—Cassio away,  
Would you but task me—gentle I'd prove,  
Aught that you'd ask me—I'd do for my love.  
Oh, then, Othello—why should I fear?  
My pray'r, dearest fellow—tarry to hear.

*Ora.* Sweet Desdemona—Otello fear,  
You too great crony—wid Cassio, dear  
Him not quite jealous—But pon him life,  
Him no like young fellows lub wid him wife!  
Sweet Desdemona—Otello fear  
You too great crony—wid Cassio, dear.

*Des.* But my dear Hubby,—Don't be so cross,  
You're downright snubby—You'll have the loss,  
'Tis for your own sake—I'd have Cassio back.  
Come, my advice take—and don't look so black.

*Oth.* Dam him young fellow—him neck I wring  
Massa Otello—himself dat now sing.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia,* *a.*

*Oth.* She'm pretty wench! Upon my life and soul,  
Him lub her quite too much—dat werry droll.

*Iago.* I think you said you lov'd her!

*Oth.* Yes, him do.

What for you say dat, Massa Iago?

Iago. Does Cassio know you love her, think you, eh ?  
 Oth. Yes, to be sure him do—well, what you say ?

Iago. Indeed ! [Winks.]

Oth. Indeed ! for what your eye you wink ?  
 I beg you tell him ebbry ting you tink.

Iago. Think, my good sir ?

Oth. Yes, tell him all you thought  
 About him wife—him really tink you ought.  
 Him hear you say just now, “ me no like dat ! ”  
 Him wery wish to know what you be at ?

Iago. Oh, nothing—nothing, my dear friend, Othello—  
 I think that Cassio is an honest fellow.

Oth. Him tink so too ; den dat no news to tell,  
 But you no tink so—him know wery well  
 You tink him teef——

Iago. I think him something worse.

Oth. You tink him pick your pocket of your purse ?

Iago. Who steals my purse steals trash—[Takes out an old  
 leather purse.]—look here a minute—

There once was something, now there's nothing in it.  
 'Twas his—'tis mine—it has held thousands many,  
 I fear it never will again hold any.

Cassio, methinks, would aim at higher game—  
 He'd sign a check in any man's good name.  
 So take my all—Oh, how my heart does bleed !—  
 It wouldn't make him rich, but leave me poor indeed.

### DUET. “ Oh, 'tis love ! ”

Iago. Oh beware this love, this love,  
 It plays the very deuce ;  
 When a comfort it should prove,  
 You find its of no use.

The cuckold lives in comfort when he's certain of his fate,  
 But he who doats and doubts and loves, lives in an awkward state  
 Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough,  
 But being rich and fearing poverty's a pack of stuff.      Oh, 'tis, &c.

Oth. Oh, dis lub—dis lub—dis lub—  
 It turn him head quite round,  
 Him not know wedder him tread de moon  
 Or here upon de ground.

You must not tink him jealous, just because him wife is fair,  
 Because she sing and play and dance, and nebber drink nor swear  
 Because she got good eye and foot, and good taste what can be,  
 Or else good Massa Iago, she would nebber choose me.

Oh dis lub &c

Oth. No, Massa Iago, him prove before him doubt,  
And when him prove—why den him sarve her out.

Iago. You're right—wear your eyes open—mind your wife.  
I wouldn't have you injured for my life.  
But she's a woman—I shall say no more,  
Because I see you feel a little sore.

Oth. No him assure you—not a jot—no, no.

Iago. Well, shake hands with me, sir, before I go.  
Adieu !

[Exit L.]

Oth. Adieu ! de devil ! What he know  
About the Lieutenant and Missee O ?  
Him wish him nebbet marry —

*Re-enter IAGO, L. H.*

Iago. I ask your pardon—  
I just stept back to beg you'd be your guard ou.  
Don't let what I have said put you in a flurry,  
But don't fill Cassio's placee up in a hurry.  
Just mark if Mrs. O doth press his suit,  
And by you're hanging off you'll put her to't.

Oth. Fear not my management.

Iago. Once more adieu.

Oth. Him sure him werry much obliged to you.

[Exit Iago, L.]

*Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA, R. H.*

Des. Come, come, Othello—recolect, I pray,  
You ask'd some folks to dine with you to day.  
They're all arriv'd, and only wait for you—  
Come and receive your guests, Othello, do.

Oth. Him not quite well—him forehead here is aching—

Des. I thought it would be so—'tis too much raking.

Here let me bind this towel round it tight—

And you shall take some medicine to-night !

Oth. De towel, him too short ! —[*Throws it on the floor.*]-

Come in to dine !

Him no like physic—him take a dose of wine.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona R. 4*

Emi. I'm glad I've found this towel on the floor.  
This was her first remembrance from the Moor.  
My husband wants it—I can't tell why or wherefore—  
This is not stealing—what did he throw it there for ?

*Enter IAGO, L. H.*

Iago. What are you up to there—you great she lout ?

Emi. What's that to you ? you may go find it out.

[Enter OTHELLO, L. H.]

How do, dear?

Oth. Desdemona, how yor do?

Come, shake him hand. How now, you nasty ting,  
u hand him all so wet as any ting.

Des. Lauk ! I've just wash'd it, but I wiped it dry.

Oth. 'Top now, him feel again—him not feel wet,  
It hot—hot; moist, you've got de hand what sweat.

You take de physic; yes, and fast and pray,  
Till all bad humour be shall go away.

Him pretty hand, though—him so nice 'and fat.

Des. Indeed, as Pat would say, "you may say that."  
You recollect your promise to me, duck?

Oth. Him tell you promise? what him promise, chuck?

Des. Take back poor Cassio—he's in such a fume.

Oth. (Crosses R. H.) Him go to wash him hand in todder  
room.

[Exit R. H.]

Des. The towel!

Re-enter OTHELLO, R. H.

Oth. Dere no cloth upon de stand,  
What shall him do, dear Des, to wipe him hand?  
Where dat him gib you? It dere short time ago,  
Hope you not lose him, Dedemony!

No!

Des. Den where him is?

Oth. Oh, dear, I cannot tell  
'Tis not i' th' house.

Oth. Not? Des, dis not is well.

AIR. "Evening Star."

A gipsy woman, whose name was Powell  
To him poor Moder, did gib dat towel  
She sold de charm, and she could read  
De berry thought in people's head;  
She told my Moder, while dat she keep  
Sae make my fader contented sleep  
But if she loose him, or gib him way.  
My fader lub wid her no stay.  
And when she was dying  
And ober her him was cry ing,  
She gab him to me  
Otello dear, says she,  
When you take wife  
For all your life,  
Gib dat de bride,  
And then she di-i-i-i-e-e-d.

De fortune tener dat weab'd dat cloiz,  
 She make him in most dreadful wrath,  
 De worm him hallowd dat breed de silk,  
 And him was bleach'd in Mummy's milk.

**Des.** I wont be frighten'd by your manœuvre  
 So I pray you to give it over.  
 And since 'tis thus I shall not fetch it,  
 And so I wish that you may catch it.

**Oth.** Come gib de towel here,

**Des.** Oh dear, dear! Oh dear!

**Oth.** Oh, if him lost

**Des.** Then I'll pay the cost.

**Oth.** Ha! ha! ha!

**Des.** Oh! la! oh! la!

**Oth.** Go fetch it here

**Des.** I shan't, my de-e-e-e-e-e-a-e-t.

**Oth.** The towel fetch—

**Des.** Get out you wretch.

Give Cassio's place

**Oth.** Him wash his face.

De towel bring

You naughty ting.

**Des.** For Cassio say,

**Oth.** Away! Away!

[Exit Othello, R.

**Emi.** There! that man's jealous now, or I'm no woman!  
 I wouldn't stand it ma'am, not from no man.

**Des.** There must be something in that towel's lose,  
 I never saw him in my life so cross.

**Emi.** Oh, here comes Cassio, and my sulky brute.

Enter IAGO, and CASSIO, L. H.

**Iago.** There is no other way. 'Tis she must do it.

**Des.** Well, Mr. Cassio, what's brought you again?  
 I think the very devil's in the men.

My husband's so confounded cross to day,

My husband's not my husband—I may say,

You must have patience, go you home and sup.

**Iago.** What! Is he angry? did he blow you up?

**Emi.** Blow her up? Ah, you're a sad set of fellows  
 Why hang me, if Othello isn't jealous.

**Iago.** He jealous! Nonsense—don't you take alarm,  
 I've seen his dosey taken from his arm

By his own brother—something's wrong no doubt,

But I'll go seek him. [Crosses to R. H.] and soon find him out

[Exit Iago. R. H.

**Des.** Cassio, I'll take a walk—now don't you fret,  
 How different 'twas when first the Moor I met. [Exit L. H.

SCENE III.—*Apartment in the casuar.*

*Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO, R. H.*

*Oth.* Get him some poison—arsenic anything—

*Iago.* Lud! If you poison her, you're sure to swing  
She must be smother'd to prevent suspicion,  
There's sure to be a Coroner's inquisition.  
We'll say she'd hydrophobia—and was bitten  
By—by—I have it, by her favourite kitten.  
And, fearing in her fits she'd break our heads,  
You smother'd her, between two feather beds.

*Oth.* Good, good!

*Iago.* I'll settle Cassio, never fear.

[Desdemona laughs loudly without L. H.]

*Oth.* What strumpet is that same, dat coming here?

*Enter DESDEMONA, and LODOVICO, L. H.*

*Lod.* Othello, glad to see you—how d'ye do?

*Oth.* Him pretty hearty. Lodovico,—how you?

*Lod.* Tol lol. I've brought a letter from the senate,  
I know what's in it, though I didn't pen it.

[Othello, retires up to read the letter.]

How's Cassio?

*Des.* Why, good cousin Loo, to tell the truth,  
My husband's had a quarrel with the youth;  
A word from you will set all right.

*Oth.* You sure?

*Des.* Much for the love I bear him, I'd endure—.

*Oth.* Fire and brimstone!

*Lod.* May be the letter moved him.

*Oth.* Didn't you hear her say just now she loved him

*Lod.* He's order'd home, and Cassio fills his place.

*Des.* I'm glad on't. [Crosses C.]

*Oth.* Devil! [Strikes her,] damn him slap your face.

*Lod.* Oh, gemini! he's struck her in the face!

*Oth.* Be off! [Desdemona going, R. H.]

*Lod.* Oh, call her back, but for a little space.

*Oth.* Come back! [She returns]

Dare she be, sir, at your good pleasure.

*Lod.* At mine?

*Oth.* Yes, sir, she stop till you at leisure,  
Sir, if she get her living she must earn him,  
And if you've got a mangle, she can tell him.

Yes, she can turn and turn, and so go on,  
Till either, or 'till all de work be done.

Him order'd home, [To Desdemona.] Go 'long and wipe your  
face.

*Des.* Sir, I obey.

*Oth.* Devil! Cassio shall hab my place.

Sir, will—will— you take a glass ob—

[To Desdemona.] Goats and monkeys.

*Lod.* Thank ye, I'd rather not.

*Oth.* Razors and donkeys.

[*Exeunt R. H.*

#### SCENE IV.—*Another epartment.*

*Enter IAGO, DESDEMONA, and EMILIA, R. H.*

*Emi.* My mistress and the moor's had such a row,  
He called her such a naughty name, just now.

*Des.* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago.* What name?

*Des.* Fie now!

*Iago.* Why, if you are, 'tis really more than I know.

**AIR.** ["Sweet Kitty Clover."]

Mister Othello, he bothers me so;

Oh! oh! oh! &c.

That what to do with him I really don't know,

Oh! oh! oh! &c.

Some villainous scurvy knave, I dread

Has bother'd his brains, and something said

That has turu'd the poor dear gentleman's head.

Oh! oh! oh! &c.

I wish the fellow I did but know. Oh! oh! &c.

Oh! wouldn't I tease him, and bother him so? Oh! &c

Then every woman should have a whip,

And we'd make the rascal naked strip,

Then at a cart's tail thro' the world he shou'd trip.

Oh! oh! &c

[*Exit Desdemona and Emilia, R. H.*

*Enter RODERIGO, R. H.*

*Rod.* Come, friend Iago, tell me what you're at,  
For truly I begin to smell a rat.

I shouldn't like to call you downright thier,  
But you've been doing me, that's my belief.

*Iago.* Roderigo, will you hear me?

*Rod.* Why, forsooth,  
I'm tited of hearing you, and that's the truth.

Where are my ear-rings? all my money's gone,  
And am I the better for them?—none  
I'll go to Desdemona, and soon know,  
Whether she's got the ear rings, sir, or no

Iago. Come, come, that's good. 'Gad! I like your spirit,  
I see you are a gentleman of merit.  
She's got the ear rings you may rest assured,  
But—[ Whispers.]—Cassio to night must somehow be secured.  
He's in your way—the watch house, safe immur'd—  
Catch the idea? have a jolly row—  
She's your's this very night. What say you now?

Rod. Why, this is reason. And you say all's right?

Iago. (Takes his Arm.) You shall be satisfied this very  
night. [Exeunt, R. H.]

### SCENE V.—Scene in Cyprus. Night.

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO, with Cudgels, R. H.

Iago. There! stand you there! now, mind, we'll soon ensnare  
him,  
You peg it into him, and pray don't spare him.

[They stand aside.]

Enter CASSIO, L. H. with a Stick, singing.

Rod. Hollo! you precious rascal! take that whack,  
[Cassio receives the blow with his Stick, and knock  
Rod. down]

Cas. And you, you scoundrel! lie there on your back.

[Iago knocks Cassio down from behind, who rolls over  
Roderigo, when Iago beats him violently ]

Murder! help—ho! murder! watch!

[Rod and Cas. beating each other. Enter Iago, R. H.  
Enter IAGO, R. H., and Watchmen, L. H.

Iago. What's all this row? why here's a pretty riot,  
Disturbing people who would fain be quiet!

What, my friend Cassio! what is there amiss?  
Where is the villain that could have done this?

Cas. That's one of them that lies upon the ground.  
I charge him, let his hands and feet be bound.

[Policemen bind Roderigo, who roars, "Murder,  
help! &c."]

Rod. I'm the wrong man! don't bind me like a hog,  
Oh, damn'd Iago—dam'd inhuman dog!

Iago. Ah! shame upon you—go to prison, do.

What, strike a man when down! go to—go to.

[Two Policemen carry Rod. off, R. H. with kicks and roars, "Murder! &c."—Cas. is led off, L. H. by Lud. and Gra.]

Enter EMILIA, in Night Gown and Cap, R. H.

Emi. La! what's the matter, husband?—what's the matter? I never in my life heard such a clatter!

Iago. Poor Cassio has been beaten by a clown, Who would have 'scaped when he had knock'd him down; But that I caught him just as Cassio'd risen,

Then call'd the watch, and sent him off to prison.

And so in durance vile the fellow's clapp'd,

Don't tell the bride and bridegroom what has happ'd.

Will you be off, I say— [Exit Emilia, R. H.]

This is the night

That makes a man of me, or does me quite. [Exit Iago, R. H.]

**SCENE VI.—Bed Chamber in the Castle. Two Beds**  
Desdemona asleep in one.

Enter OTHELLO, with a Light.

AIR—"King of the Cannibal Islands."

What is de cause—what is de cause—

Dat women will commit faux pas

Against divine and human laws.

Oh delicate Desdemona,

Him no like much her blood to shed,

Cause dat bring Sin upon him head

Him wish wid all him heart she dead

Instead ob sleep upon dat bed,

Her skin him look as white as snow

Yet him must strike de dreadful blow

So both shall to de devil go

Otello and Desdemona

Yes, she must die, or else again

Perhaps she will betray more men,

Him just put out de light,—and den

Him settle wid Desdemona

Pet out dy light—cou'nt candle still,

And him can light him at him will.

But if him Desdemona kill

Do life go wid de blood him spill

Him worry sorry to do dis

But wives should nebber do amiss  
And now me gib de last—last kiss

To beautiful Desdemona.

[Kisses her—Desdemona awakes.]

Des. Who's there? Oh, dear me—is it you, Othello?  
How you have frightened me, you foolish fellow!  
What are you up to? come, get into bed

Oth. Him can't lie down, my dear, till you be dead.

Des. Dead! would you kill me! were not you my lover?  
Come, sit you down; we'll talk the matter over.

[She makes a place for him on the bed—he sits down.]  
Come now my pet, you're jealous, that's the truth,  
Of Michael Cassio eh? The poor dear youth!

Oth. Dear youth! dear devil! why you call him dear?  
Here to my very face, and eye, and ear;  
Come, say your prayer—him kill you on de spot.

Des. Well, my opinion is you'd better not.

Oth. Peace, and be still, and let him kill you, can't you

Des. I will, but mind my ghost is sure to haunt you.

Oth. Dat towel you gabe to Cassio, well him know it.

Des. Upon my life and soul I didn't do it,  
Send for him here—he'll tell you its no lie.

Oth. You on your death bed—

Des. I don't like to die!

Have mercy on me—

Oth. True as here him sit  
Him saw de towel—saw Cassio using it,

Des. Some towel like it, pr'haps; how should you know?

Oth. 'Cause in him corner dere him large round O.

Des. Send out for Cassio.

Oth. Him can't come, him dead.

Des. Dead! (Cries.) Oh! I can't help crying for the lad.

Oth. What! Cry before him face! dam—dat too bad.

[Othello takes the other bed in his arms—and throws it upon her.]

Des. Don't kill me now, give me another day,  
Or else transport me dear, to Botany Bay.

Don't—dear Othello—put me in a fright—

Kill me to-morrow—let me live to night. [She struggles.]

Oth. Him no use kicking.

Des. Half an hour—

Oth. None!

Des. One moment, while I say a prayer

[Othello smothers her]

Oth. 'Tis done!

[Desdemona's ghost rises between the lights and the bed L. H. Othello, turns and sees the Ghost, he endeavours to escape L. R. where he is met by Roderigo, dragging in Iago. Ghost sings.]

**FINALE. "Giles Scroggins."**

GHOST	Good people all—and you're a host,	Ri tol, &c.
	Behold I'm Desdemona's Ghost,	Ri tol, &c.
	My boddy still lies warm in bed But I am number'd with the dead, By Othello I was smothered.	Ri tol, &c.
OTH.	Oh! no say dat you come for him Him tremble so in all him limb	Ri tol. Ri tol.
	[Ghost takes him by the throat.] Oh, wid your touch—de truth he come Into him perricranium, Him no speak more—him feel struck dumb	Ri tol. Ri tol.
DES.	[Desdemona rises up in bed.] On, Mister Ghost, you fib—oh, fie! You see I am not dead—not I— If you go back from whence you came, on't mention poor Othello's name, lago only was to blame,	Ri tol. Ri tol. Ri tol.
AGO.	Oh dear! I know I am a villain A rascal—scarcely worth the killing	Ri tol. Ri tol.
OTH. (Opening clasp knife.)	Him cut your throat—	Ri tol.
AGO.	You'd better not—	
ROD.	Then let the past be all forgot—	
OTH.	Agreed!	
DES.	Agreed!	
AGO.	Agreed!	
GHOST.	Why not?	Ri tol.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.





